

The Two Meowstic

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Category: Pok_Ã©mon

Genre: Friendship, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 15:09:20

Updated: 2016-04-10 15:09:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:32:54

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,323

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Two witty Meowstic with simultaneously similar yet contrasting personalities take on the daily challenge that is each other in the story. Neither of them are emotionally adept and they prefer intelligence to everything else. How will their friendship progress?

The Two Meowstic

He had been left all alone in the home they shared as esteemed partners. What a joy. Rum's master, a human Pok_Ã©mon trainer, had left Rum all alone, in their house, for an entire week. While Rum did enjoy the peacefulness and stress-free environment he had just been introduced to, he certainly missed his master. Who was going to feed him his favourite Pinap Berry cereal? A Meowstic like Rum wouldn't feed himself! Well, technically he would, given his self-proclaimed 'Unprecedented Psychic Powers'. The point was, he was going to have a hard time living life, by himself, after being pampered so much by his master.

Apparently, the master had abandoned him to go to an amazing banquet in Unova. All the famous trainers had been invited and surprisingly, that included Rum's master. He knew they had been involved in some sort of tournament and had done something cool, but Rum's hippocampus did not bother with such petty human achievements. The mind of a Meowstic was impressively complex, past anything a simple human could understand, inclusive of his master. Rum didn't intend to belittle his master, but he knew that his master was incapable of thought as gigantic as his. His master was, indeed, a masterful tactician, but he was by no means academically intelligent. In fact, before the invitation for this grand celebration that his master had attended, the master had been diligently studying for his examinations. Not that Rum had bothered to help, anyway.

Rum sat on the comfortable, padded couch, enjoying the affluent lifestyle he lead as he stuffed home-grown Pinap Berries into his mouth. He considered baking some Poffins that Rum himself had grown

in their backyard, then he decided he was too lazy to get up and cook something for himself. It looked like he would be living on instant noodles, cheap Pok_Ã©_Food and, his personal favourite, Pinap Berries. Another thing he would be devouring, figuratively of course, would be books. Lots of books. His master had kindly supplemented him with a generous supply of these appreciated items. Rum didn't care much for traditional literature, he was just in it to learn more concepts. Scientific, mathematical or really any branch of any subject, Rum had a book for it.

Rum really had not much to do for the day. Sit around, laze around, read for a bit, take a nap and if he was feeling especially energetic that day, go for a walk. Rum didn't have much on his 'holiday' itinerary, other than probably studying and sneakily completing some of his master's assignments for him. Nothing too special, really these were just common things in Rum's life. To Rum, this day was just like any other, except the days passed lacking the presence of his master. Right now, Rum had decided to ponder the concept of telepathy.

Of course, being a Psychic-type, Rum knew much about telepathy, having experienced it before. He believed he had only learned the practical parts of it well, never exploring the theoretical side of things much. So this time, he decided to peer into what lay beyond and study some telepathy. He began to think. Telepathy was an extension of the mind, reaching into the mind of someone else's. Therefore, even if the two entities involved in a telepathic connection spoke and thought in different languages or even came from different species, like his master and him, they would both inherently understand each other. If only one party had access to telepathic abilities, then as long as they willed for the conversation to be two-sided, it would be. Rum spent a while discussing the topic of telepathy in his head for a while, before getting bored.

Studying for Rum was simultaneously fun, yet boring. Rum was imaginative and easily distracted, resulting in a strange addiction to thinking extensively yet an unexplainable dislike for this behaviour. He couldn't explain these clashing personality characteristics of his.

Rum tensed up, stopping his body movements. He'd heard a crashing sound come from upstairs. If nobody was homeâ€¦ what could be the origin of that sound? Rum was realistic, yes. However, he had an irrational fear of ghosts and the dark. Regardless, he continued on his fleet-footed trek up the stairs and into his master's bedroom, from which he could hear the sound of loud, noisy cursing. Strangely, it wasn't in a language foreign to him. Another Pok_Ã©_mon was the most likely explanation. _

_ Rum burst into the room to the door, greeted by the sight of a Murkrow frantically trying to pick up a lamp that he had knocked onto the wooden floor with his charcoal-black wings that were incapable of carrying things. The Murkrow cursed repeatedly as he tried to lift up the lamp to no avail, unaware of Rum's presence in the room. "What do you think you're doing?" Rum asked cautiously, yet firmly. The Murkrow looked up, surprised that someone had noticed him. "W-what? This house isn't empty? Crap!" The Murkrow was obviously mortified that he had chosen the wrong time, or rather, the wrong place, to trespass onto private property._

The Murkrow was obviously simultaneously pissed that his plan didn't work and scared that he had been noticed by someone. "I was, um, just passing through," the Murkrow lied, albeit awkwardly so. Rum was quick to deduce that the Murkrow was clearly a thief. "You could've just flown over the house. Why enter?" This was where the Murkrow really got scared. He had been cornered and he didn't like it at all. "I'll escort myself out," the Murkrow proceeded to spread his wings and soar out of the window (that Rum's master had absentmindedly left unlocked and opened) while carrying a small bag filled with some expensive caps owned by Rum's master. Rum most definitely did not like this. Of course, Rum's master hadn't become the new Pok_Ã©mon Champion of the Kalos region without extensive training of his star Pok_Ã©mon, Rum the Meowstic. _

_ As usual, Rum's precision allowed him to strike on-point. Rum's Thunder Wave easily shot down the Murkrow, paralyzing his entire body with a spark of electricity emitted from Rum's miniature hand. The Murkrow, unable to fly, fell to the ground quickly. "That ought to finish him off," Rum thought. Rum's Thunder Wave had been known to paralyze most Pok_Ã©mon within nanoseconds for 30 minutes to 1 hour, depending on the opposing Pok_Ã©mon's resistance level. That Murkrow, based on Rum's analysis, was fairly weak. That gave Rum a timeframe of approximately 50 minutes to get the master's headwear back. __Simple enough,__ Rum thought as he left the house, locking the windows and door as he exited.__

_ Rum knew the general location of where he had shot down the Murkrow, racing there quickly. Meowstic weren't built for unprecedented speed or stamina and Rum was probably in the top percentage of Meowstic in terms of physical capabilities that had even existed and he still took 40 minutes to get to where he wanted. He found the Murkrow lying face-down at the front of a darkened alleyway. Proceeding to walk towards the fainted Murkrow, Rum noticed glowing yellow eyes complete with resplendent red irises that stared incessantly at him. Rum moved closer towards the silhouette, seeing a curled up female Meowstic, seeming to be simultaneously wary of him yet accepting of him. It was best described as a natural reaction between Meowstic as a result of many years of psychological evolution of the species.

>As their eyes met, Rum felt ignition. This girl he'd just met, he inherently felt, would be a good friend for him, on par with his master if not more of a friend. Firstly, they were both Meowstic. Secondly, her eyes defined her personality. As the saying went, "Eyes are the doors to one's soul," or something along those lines. This Meowstic was intelligent, informed, careful and precise. This Meowstic embodied the characteristics he praised. This Meowstic would be his friend.

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